THE SUNDAY HERALD

BOSTON, SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1918.

The Fun side of Snow.

Sketches from life by Westerman.

The wrong kind of a mother — "Sa-a-y! Sa-a-y! Aha! Didn't I tell you not to go near that boy 'tro again? Now you can go right to bed while I stir your clothes!

"Give her the gas mister!" "Hold on tight kid!"

Nope! This isn't a pilot in the aviation corps. It's "Red" Murphy the chief chauffeur of the biggest "Hook-on" sled in town.

It was the first time son ever had gone down and the first time in twenty years for pop. It was hard to tell which one was the most frightened.

Oh! Now a boy hates an overcoat! "Son! where's your overcoat?" "Gee whiz Mother! I've got on three suits of underwear, two shirts, three pairs of stockings, two vests, two of mine an' one of father's sweaters, I'm so stiff now I can hardly walk.

On every hill— The little boy who seems to be always standing and snuffing and shivering.

The meanest man in town — "Git over d' there! Who the blankety-blank-blank told you to hook on my wagon?

THE SUNDAY HERALD

BOSTON, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1918.

Over Here In war-time

Sketches from life by Westerman

"Yes ma'm! I know just how you feel. My two boys are in France, now."

Millinery has gone Military

Pride and Patriotism.
"Say mister! I jus' wanted t'ask y' if y' know my Uncle, Hez in the army, too!"

Old Mrs. Snooper who specializes on marriages and deaths says:—
"Bless my soul! Is the whole blessed army a gettin' spliced? A body don't have no eyes left for the death notices, nowadays!"

Over-worked marriage license clerks are ready for the hospital and the office looks like a mess charge.

Showing what the food conservation campaign is doing:—
In a play the other night an actress in her cooking stunt had to break five eggs. The audience gasped and murmured "Wasting real e-e-eggs!"

Have you noticed that almost every one says "Howdy" with a military salute?

HOUSEHOLD AND FASHION FEATURES

THE ILLUSTRATED BUFFALO EXPRESS

GENERAL FEATURES FOR THE FAMILY

SECTION FOUR — BUFFALO, N. Y., SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1921. — PRICE, TEN CENTS.

In a Doctor's Office

Sketches from life by Westerman.

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Doctor—"By the leukocyte count I distinguish between the simple hyperemia of the liver in amoebic infection and suppuration. With the latter there is increasing leukocytosis but no eosinophils and scanty lymphocytes." "I—

"Strange to me what she comes here so often for. Do you see anything sick looking about her?"

The nervous man who paces up and down.

"Is this doctor any good?" "He's done me good!"

"Jush kshow you I'm a-(hic) goo' feller, Doc, I've come back f'givya a lil drink from m'(hic) prescripshun!"

Young mother who brings baby in every day.—"But, doctor! Something must be wrong, he hasn't cried for five nights!"

The neurotic who tells all about the ailments, doctors, operations she has had for the pleasure?—of all the waiting patients.

"Three" Hootch Hounds" Trying to assume a "very sick" expression.

"Yassah, doctor! Ah's gotta bad pain in mah head, a twitchin' in mah side an' a awful misery in mah abominable region!"

Vacation Hangovers.

Sketches from life by Westerman.

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"Your mail, sir!" The accumulation of bills. The stuff you bought for the family just before starting on you trip, and the office boy seems to enjoy it.

A "Her."

Just as they had decided to economize and recuperate from some of their vacation extravagances they received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Spoonoff (whom they had regaled with tales of the gayety of their home town clubs and society) stating that they had decided to accept their very kind invitation to visit and would come at once for a two weeks stay.

The evening gown that doesn't fit—The tan that is where the bathing suit wasn't—

She; "Oh, dear! It's the only evening gown I have that I can wear! How long will it stay?"

He; "Oh! About six weeks."

A "Him."

That "back-on-the-job" tired feeling when you know that you need two weeks to rest up from your vacation.

That sudden sunburn which you hoped would develop into a beautiful tan.

Chiggers — "Coofie's" successor.

"The Umps"

ONE REASON WHY BASEBALL IS A GREAT SPORT.
Sketches from life by Westerman.

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"Well thats the last straw! G'wan out an' put on a uniform so know we're playing a fan man team!"

"Hey! Y' lumber-head! Y' got some voice but y'aint got nothing else! Dont scratch yer head or you'll get yer fingers full o' splinters!" "Help! Help! Say y' big crook! Remember yer 'bain' paid by the League, not the home team!"

"Oh! You poor nut! I got a three-year old Kid out at my house that'll teach y' the rules if y'come out t'night!"

"Oh! You horsethief! What dye want him t'do, bring the ball up and lay it against the boob's bat? What're y' standin' behind the bat for? Why don't y' sit in the shade in the grandstand? Y'can call 'em the way you do just as well from there!"

When these are the kind of arguments used do you wonder that an umpire never changes a decision.

"Y' big prune! I touched 'im when he was thirty feet from d' bag!" "Y' wasn't lookin' this way—!—!—?—! I had been settin' on d' bag for ten minutes w'en he walks over an touches me!"

First Fan:—"You oughtn't to insult the umpire!" Second Fan:—"Hey! Where dye get that stuff. Y' can't insult an umpire!"

A player on the bench will get ten times as excited as those in the game. Call the umpire everything in the "Awful Dictionary" and he knows he does n't hear a word.

There really is something very pathetic about the figure of the "umps" standing out there alone without a friend on the lot or a word of praise for him; whom none ever thinks of except to hoot or pan.

Kid:—"Here y'are! Rules and guide book!" Fan:—"Here! I'll take one! I wanna give it to the "umps". Other Fan:—"Yer wastin' yer money bo! He won't understand 'em!"

Our idea of wasting life—
The cussers chorus trying to make an "umps" change a decision.

When the "umps" starts to dust off home plate then you know the argument is ended and you might just as well go 'way back and sit down.